

THE STAR DRAMA.

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I'm not Mesilf at All.

AN ORIGINAL IRISH STEW.

By C. A. MALTBY.

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CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON.

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- REGULAR FIX. (A)**—A farce. Time, forty min. Six males, four females.
- ROUGH DIAMOND. (THE)** (Country Cousin)—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Four males, three females.
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- TOODLES, (THE)**—A drama in two acts. Time, one hour and fifteen min. Six males, two females.
- TURN HIM OUT.**—A farce. Time, forty-five min. Three males, two females.
- THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.**—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Three males, three females.
- UNDER THE LAURELS.**—A drama in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Five males, four females.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

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# I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL.

AN ORIGINAL IRISH STEW.

BY C. A. MALTBY.

Author of "Borrowed Plumes," etc.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, LONDON,  
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. F. B. CHATTERTON,  
ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1869.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

*A Description of the Costumes—Entrances and Exits—and the  
whole of the Stage Business.*

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CHICAGO:

T. S. DENISON.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Drury Lane Theater,  
London, Dec. 27, 1869.*

Mr. Benjamin Pootles (Old Man).	Mr. H. BARRETT.
Captain Debit (Walking Gentleman).	Mr. F. CHARLES.
Phelim O'Rourke (alias Major O'Hogan—Irish.).	Mr. J. REYNOLDS.
Laura (Pootles' Daughter—Walking Lady).	Miss EDITH STUART.
Mary (Servant—Chambermaid).	Miss SEYMOUR.

## COSTUMES.

MR. POOTLES.—Dressing-gown, hand and leg bound up, as if suffering from the gout.

CAPTAIN DEBIT.—Undress English cavalry uniform (neat), long moustache.

PHELIM.—1st dress: Irish peasant. 2d dress: Highland costume.

## PROPERTIES.

Flowers in vase on table, up R. C., decanter and glasses, newspaper, valise, bundle of clothes, forming a Highland dress, sword, two letters, hand-bell on table, bundle in handkerchief on stick for PHELIM.

## TIME OF PLAYING—TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means Right of Stage, facing the audience; *L.* Left; *C.* Center; *R. C.* Right of Center; *L. C.* Left of Center. *D. F.* Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; *C. D. F.* Center Door in the Flat; *R. D. F.* Right Door in the Flat; *L. D. F.* Left Door in the Flat; *R. D.* Right Door; *L. D.* Left Door; *1 E.* First Entrance; *2 E.* Second Entrance; *U. E.* Upper Entrance; *1, 2 or 3 G.* First, Second or Third Groove.

## SYNOPSIS.

This is indeed a veritable "Irish Stew." POOTLES is seen seated at table, in his breakfast room, suffering from the gout; LAURA, his daughter, is attending to the flowers at the back of the room. Their conversation is interrupted by the entrance of CAPTAIN DEBIT, an admirer of LAURA's, cigar in lips. POOTLES has just been apprised by letter that a Major O'Hogan, who has been quite struck by LAURA's charms, is about to pay him a visit. POOTLES drops the letter, as they all exit. PHELIM O'ROURKE enters, looking for a situation. He picks up the letter, and determines to personate the expected Major, and seeing some bundles, opens one, with the Major's uniform therein, and proceeds to array himself as a "military" man. All sorts of queer mystifications occur; PHELIM passing through the ordeal with decided *éclat*—thanks to his impudence, ready wit, rich brogue, and good humor. He winds up the fun by captivating LAURA's maid, and making a characteristic "spache" to the audience.

# “I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL.”

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SCENE.—*Breakfast-room in Mr. Pootles' villa, in 3d grooves.*

*Discovered Pootles in chair at table, R, with an attack of gout.  
Laura arranging flowers at back.*

*Pootles.* Now, Laura, be good enough to leave those flowers and frailties alone, and attend to me. Where's the paper?

*Laura.* Oh! bother the papers.

*Poo.* How dare you bother the papers?

*Laura.* I can't bear them, they are all alike.

*Poo.* One would think you had been brought up on the plains of Cariboo. It is the duty of every man who has twenty shillings a week to support two papers at least; and when he has thirty shillings to have them bound. Come, miss, don't miss the leading articles, and mind your stops.

*Laura.* (*Takes paper, sits R of table.*) I'd like it all stops. (*Reads.*) "Wanted, a healthy charwoman——"

*Poo.* What's that to do with her Majesty's ministers? I should like to know.

*Laura.* "Glass cases for sale."

*Poo.* Pooh! pooh!

*Laura.* "In all cases of rheumatism and gout."

*Poo.* Do you want to see me in a fit, miss? Will you look at the leading article?

*Laura.* I thought hospitals might interest you.

*Poo.* Don't be impertinent. Give me the paper. (*Takes paper.*) Glass cases indeed! Girls of the present age are like exotics, they never ought to be taken out of glass cases excepting to be bedded out. (*Captain Debit appears at back from R, smoking.*)

*Laura.* (*Aside.*) Here's the captain, that's a comfort. (*Aloud.*) Entrez Captain Debit, by all means. (*Debit throws cigar away.*)

*Poo.* Yes, for goodness' sake, come in (*Aside.*) However much I dislike a man, their society is worth a dozen women for long together. (*Aloud.*) Be good enough, Debit, to run your eye over the paper, and see if there's anything fresh.

*Laura.* (*Mischievously.*) Yes, there's a paragraph here, papa, would like you to read.

*Deb.* With pleasure. (*Reads.*) "To all old gentlemen afflicted with gout."

*Poo.* Do you want to see me have a fit, Laura?

*Laura.* A mistake—I pointed here.

*Deb.* Thanks (*Reads.*) “The house of Mr. Pipps was broken into on Tuesday last.”

*Poo.* Goodness, gracious, great gooseberry! I know Pipps well. Go on.

*Deb.* (*Reads.*) “By a most determined ruffian about five feet high, with red hair, and a short nose; who, after completely ransacking four rooms, assaulting four female servants, and pitching Mr. Pipps from his bed-room window on the fourth floor, escaped. We are glad to say Mr. Pipps only received four slight injuries, as he fell on all fours on a forcing bed. Householders are cautioned.”

*Poo.* Goodness, gracious, great gooseberry! (*Ring heard.*) We must set a few spring guns, my dear.

*Deb.* There's no cause for fear. I will issue some instructions to my men to look after him, and from other precautions I have taken I have no doubt we shall secure the ruffian in the course of a day or two. *Enter Mary, L, 2 E, with portmanteau, sword and bundle—the portmanteau she places R. C, saying, “Major Hogan's luggage, sir,” then thrusting the bundle in Pootle's face, says, “A letter for you, sir.”*

*Poo.* Goodness, gra—, what's that?

*Mary.* Beg your pardon, sir; but I've had such a turn—these are the gardener's Sunday things; he's a-going to a christening, sir, and the boy brought them and the letter together.

*Poo.* Hold your tongue, and give me the letter.

*Mary.* Yes, sir. (*Puts down bundle on table confusedly, and searches for letter.*) It's marked imme'jate, sir.

*Poo.* Then why on earth don't you give it me, jade?

*Mary.* Yes, sir. (*Fumbling.*) Here it is. (*Hands letter. While Pootles reads, Mary goes to Laura mysteriously.*) Seen the papers, miss?

*Laura.* Now, here's another paper mania!

*Mary.* Red hair and short nose! (*Exit mysteriously, L.*)

*Poo.* What's this? Gracious, goodness! here Debit, read this, will you?

*Deb.* (*Reads.*) “Dear Pootles, I have but time to caution you. Major O'Hogan has left London for your part of the country. If possible, be out when he arrives, as he will stop with you six months. If you don't know him, distinguishing marks are red hair and short nose. Yours, J. Trott.”

*Laura.* Well, what do you propose. (*Aside.*) I propose to let him come.

*Poo.* Propose? Why, this? (*Rings bell. Enter Mary, L.*) If any one comes here with red hair and a short nose, say we've gone to the Pyramids for a twelvemonth.

*Mary.* Oh, la! (*Drops into a chair.*)

*Poo.* (*Puts letter in his pocket.*) Laura, assist me out of the room, and get the lotion. Gracious goodness, great gooseberry! This will throw me back a month at least.

*Deb.* Allow me, my dear sir. (*Exit Pootles, assisted by Debit, R 1 E—as Pootles exits, he pulls out his handkerchief, and drops the letter.*)

*Laura.* (*Following.*) I wonder if it's the Major O'Hogan we met in town last year; if so, Captain Debit, I'll lead you a dance. (*Exit Laura, L.*)

*Mary.* (*Recovering, makes a rush at the paper.*) Red hair, short nose—if that man puts his head in at the door, I shall drop at his feet. Assaulted four female women servants, too. I believe them papers is wrote o' purpose to scare country-folk. I'll keep every door and window barred for the next six months, that I will. (*Exit L. Enter Phelim O'Rourke, at back from R, whistling, with a stick and bundle, looks round—business.*)

*Phelim.* It's mighty refishin' to inter a house like this, and find ould English hospitality aquil to the frog-heartedness of ancient Ireland. The ginerosity of this garret on the ground flure of the universal globe affects the very wather in me eyes. Faix, it puts a man in a plisant humor wid an impty stomach to see the doors and chairs open for the stranger in distract. An it's distractiss I am, in rale downright earnist, to be going without the taste of dinner—barrin' the breakfast I had—for four days. Anyhow, it's a plisant-looking place, barrin' the complete absence o' ateables. (*Sees letter, R.*) What's this? the Gineral Post Office, broke open and put on the carpet. (*reads.*) "Major O'Hogan, etc., stop with ye six months." Six months, that's ilegant! I'll git a year out of that. Phelim, ye devil! from this blessed moment "Ye're not yersilf at all." Ye are Major O'Hogan, sir. What's that? (*Sees bundle on table.*) A dacent suit o' clothes, as sure as my name is Phelim O—I mean Major O'Hogan. I'll put 'em on. Sure they wouldn't take me for a milingtary man anyways in these things. Bedad, this is betther than all the manna that ever fell in the wilds of Tipperary. (*Goes behind screen and changes, singing the while.*)

Oh, I'm not mesilf at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 Till you my own I call;  
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing,  
 It's after you I'm going,  
 Faith, me shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 Oh, I'm not mesilf at all.

Divil a button is there on 'm at all, (*Comes from behind screen with the gardener's trousers on, and no coat, showing his waist-coat all torn up the back.*) What'll I do now? the blagard's coat won't go on the top of me, and devil a button is there on the waistcoat! I'm thinking I'll be mistaken for mesilf in this state. (*Sees the Major's trunk.*) What's this? (*Gives it a kick.*) It's Barney O'Cullen's fiddle-case, that's what it is. (*Gives it another kick; lid comes open.*) Och, what have I done now? Murther, it's the old O'Hogan rigimintles. (*Pulling out coat.*) What's that?

Anyway, I'll git inside of it—it's a purty sort of a thing. Bedad, the gardner's trousers will think they've been and enlisted. (*Pulls out kilt.*) O'Hogan's mixed his wife's rigimintles wid his own—the ontidy blaguard! (*Puts it back, and pulls out sporran.*) Be the powers! here's a purty chest-preserved. Anyhow, that'll go somewhere. (*Ties it round waist—pulls out scarf.*) I wonder if this is O'Hogan's pocket-handkerchief? He must have a daacent nose in the middle of his face! (*Ties it on over shoulder.*) Och, here's an iligant hat! (*Pulls out Scotch bonnet.*) Be my sowl, the thing's compleat! If O'Hogan ever puts these things on again, he'll feel like a gentleman for the rest of his life. Somebody's coming—what'll I do wid the rigimintle case? (*Puts it under table, R.*) I'll want a sword—never moind, I'll trust to my own beautiful twig. (*Goes up back to look for stick—finds the sword.*) Phelim, ye divil, if ye weren't such a pious boy, I'd be after saying the divil's yer first cousin, and is looking after yer comforts this blessed day. (*Takes sword.*) There's a delicate skewer to tickle an alderman's ribs with. (*While he is fixing on the sword up the stage, Enter Mary, L, looking about her.*)

*Mary.* Where on earth have I laid that bundle? I'm in that state of illustration, that I've put the blacking brushes into the saucepan instead of the batter pudding, and left the pudding on my bed. (*Sees Phelim. Screams, and falls into his arms, R. C.*)

*Phe.* Who the devil threw the girl at me in that way? Get up wid ye! (*Shakes her.*) Will ye get up? If ye want to die, go and do it in yere own room—don't do it here. Will ye get up? The women are all the same; they're like stame engines—the moment they smell danger they ather scream till they're out of it, or else they burst up at once. Will ye get up now? Some one's coming. (*Shakes her and puts her on her feet.*)

*Mary.* (*Falls on her knees.*) Spare me—spare me, sir! (*Business.*)

*Phe.* I wouldn't hurt a hair of your delicate head! (*Recognizing.*) What, Mary, me darlint! don't ye know me! Yer own Phelim?

*Mary.* Don't I know me Sunday out? (*They embrace on knees.*) But what on earth are ye dressed up like that for, Phelim?

*Phe.* Hist, darlint! not a whisper! I'm going to stop wid yer a bit. Me name's Major O'Hogan. Faix, Mary, darlint, the Major's left his appctite in the pocket of his coat, an it's got inside of me. Get me a bite and a swig, darlint, will you?

*Mary.* That I will, Phelim, in one minute; the sherry's on the sideboard, dear—help yourself; master's having his leg dressed, he won't be here yet awhile, (*Exit Mary, L. Enter Pootles, R.*)

*Pootles.* Phicw, I flatter myself that if Major O'Hogan comes here he'll get a lively reception. (*Sees Phelim.*) Halloo, who's that? (*Business of dodging round the paper.*)

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) Sure it's the old boy! (*Presently Phelim starts up, and nearly upsets Pootles.*) Ax yer pardon, sir; I didn't see

ye—got the print in my eyes. How d'ye do, sir? I'm delighted to see you. (*Shakes hands.*)

*Poo.* (*Dumbfounded.*) Sir, I—really, I—

*Phe.* Sir, yere face is baming with health and ginerosity.

*Poo.* But, sir, this is very sudden.

*Phe.* Sudden is it, but I'm none the less plased to see ye, sir. Stand over there, sir. (*Places Pootles, R.*) I'll stand here; now, sir, we're not going to fight a jewil, I'm going to introduce ye to a rale gentleman. Misther Pootles, sir, Major O'Hogan of the 999th.

*Poo.* (*Starting.*) O'Hogan!

*Phe.* Major O'Hogan, sir, Mr. Pootles.

*Poo.* But, sir, do you know? —

*Phe.* Sir, I do.

*Poo.* But, are you aware? —

*Phe.* Perfectly, sir; perfectly aware of every thing; have a taste o' the sherry, sir, and let's talk it over; you're welcome.

*Poo.* Sir, I consider this conduct is—is—

*Phe.* Sir, you're in a hurry, I know it's not the dacent thing to forget to inquire after the missis.

*Poo.* Mrs. Pootles, sir, is defunct.

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) That's a blessin'. (*Aloud.*) Sure it was Miss Pootles, I inquired after. I never inquire after the married ones first.

*Poo.* Sir, when a man in the character of a stranger visits my house, I invariably—

*Phe.* Give him the best of everything; ye're a broth of a boy; and arn't I a stranger? (*Aside.*) Faix, I'm a stranger to mesilt. (*Aloud.*) That being so, Pootles, just run into the kitchen and wake that servant girl up.

*Poo.* How dare you—I say how dare you—

*Phe.* That's the way, wake her up in that sort of way. (*Pokes him in ribs.*)

*Poo.* Damme, sir!

*Phe.* No, sir, don't swear at her. Talk to her in the quietest way in the world. See you directly, Pootles. (*Bustles him to the door, L, and pushes him out—business with gouty arm, leg, etc.*)

*Poo.* (*Coming back.*) But, sir, I demand—

*Phe.* Bedad, that'll do, ye needn't rehearse here. (*Treads on his gouty foot—Pootles hops off.*) Now, Phelim, take another glass of sherry. (*Sits at table. Enter Laura, R.*) Here's another. (*Reads.*)

*Laura.* (*Not perceiving Phelim.*) I really wish the Major would come down, I'm bored to death, Captain Debit is so quiet. (*Phelim rattles the paper violently.*) Who on earth is that, I had no idea of any one being in the room? How careless of Mary not to have told me; I think under the circumstances I ought to scream, but I don't feel sufficiently frightened.

*Phe.* (*Looking over the paper and winking.*) There ye are, are ye?

*Laura.* Why he's winking at me.

*Phe.* Don't be alarmed, me darlint, I'm a beautiful specimen of propriety.

*Laura.* I must confess I was startled, seeing a stranger.

*Phe.* A stranger, ye thought ye hadn't seen me before. Major, introduce yourself, sir, to—to—I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch the name.

*Laura.* Laura.

*Phe.* A mighty purty name too. I'm delighted to introduce the name to Major O'Hogan, of the 999th, a marvellously foine man and a distinguished soldier in the affair that took place between Bengal and Belfast.

*Laura.* I've much pleasure in welcoming Major O'Hogan to our humble villa.

*Phe.* Ye're mighty koind, ma'am. Ye're a splendid institution; and no one knows it better than mesilf. (*Gets close to her.*) I've seen yere nate looking father and we embraced tenderly (*Puts his arm slyly round her waist*) like this!

*Laura.* (*Aside.*) I see the Captain coming this way. I'll encourage the Major, and perhaps the Captain will take the hint. (*Aloud.*) Indeed, Major.

*Phe.* Indeed it is me, darlint. (*Aside.*) It's a nate waist, bedad, it's like putting your arm round a dilicate whisky bottle. *Enter Captain Debit, L C, back.*

*Laura.* Let me go, Major, you squeeze me.

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) I'd like to taste the contents? Suppose I just put me lips to the mouth of the bottle. (*Kisses her suddenly.*)

*Laura.* For shame, Major, I won't stay another moment. (*Exit Laura, hastily, R.*)

*Deb.* (*Aside.*) So, so, young lady, this is what I have to expect.

*Phe.* O'Rourke, me boy, ye were quite yersilf that time, and it's a credit to the name of Major O'Hogan. I'll take another taste o' the sherry. (*Sits and takes paper.*)

*Deb.* (*Coming down, R, in a rage.*) So, sir, I've caught you nicely.

*Phe.* (*Looking over the paper.*) Top of the mornin' to ye, sir. Is it the sherry ye're after? If so, ring the bell, order a bottle. I'll be happy to join you.

*Deb.* No, sir, I'm not after the sherry. Who the dickens are you, and what are ye doing here?

*Phe.* Be aisy, sit ye down and be peaceful! be me life, ye look as tho' ye'd escaped out o' some menagerie.

*Deb.* By jove, sir! (*Shouts.*)

*Phe.* Thunder and lightning—don't swear here, sir! Be aisy now, I shan't hurt ye.

*Deb.* (*Aside.*) The man must be mad. (*Aloud.*) Are you aware, sir, to whom you are talking?

*Phe.* Make yer moind aisy about that, sure, yer known in iv'ry jail in the kingdom.

*Deb.* You low-bred ruffian.

*Phe.* (*Rising with slow dignity.*) Sur, the language you've dressed yourself in cannot be passed over by an officer and a gentleman.

*Deb.* An officer! (*Walks in front.*)

*Phe.* Sure, isn't the face o' Major O'Hogan known to every man in the army.

*Deb.* Major O'Hogan! (*Aside.*) This is an impostor. (*Aloud.*) So, you are the Major, eh?

*Phe.* I am that.

*Deb.* Ah! then, of course you've seen service?

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) In livery. (*Aloud.*) Seen service is it ye mane?

*Deb.* I do.

*Phe.* Av course I've seen service, sir.

*Deb.* Then may I ask to what regiment you belong?

*Phe.* I belong to me own regiment, sur. (*Aside.*) The Bengal and Belfast war won't do here

*Deb.* Where was your regiment stationed last?

*Phe.* The regiment, sir, was stationed *with me*.

*Deb.* Then, sir, where were you stationed?

*Phe.* Oh, ye want to know where I was stationed? Well, sir, I was stationed *with me* regiment.

*Deb.* (*Confidently.*) Oh, indeed, ah! Then where were you both stationed?

*Phe.* Together, sir.

*Deb.* (*Aside.*) Confound his assurance—I'll try another tack. (*Aloud.*) You understand what I mean, when I demand satisfaction, I suppose?

*Phe.* Satisfaction! Certainly, sir, when you demand satisfaction you mane that nothing less than a thousand a year would satisfy you.

*Deb.* No, sir, you will have to fight me.

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) I never fight with any other swords but shillehs. (*Aloud.*) Fight, is it? Oh, ye want to supply me with a little diversion?

*Deb.* Now, sir, will you fight me?

*Phe.* Sir, ye've no right in the world at all to question your shuperior officer.

*Deb.* Superior officer!

*Phe.* Silence, sir.

*Deb.* I will not be silent, sir. How dare you attempt to kiss my affianced bride?

*Phe.* Is it your bride I was going to kiss? Then, sir, ye ought to know the family connections better than ye do. I'm that young lady's uncle.

*Deb.* Her uncle?

*Phe.* Certainly, sir; an' ye behave yersilf properly, I'd hand ye over a dacint sum o' money when ye get spliced. (*Aside.*) St. Patrick forgive me.

*Deb.* Well, upon my honor, this is the most — (*Enter Mary L.*)

*Mary.* Please, sir, would you step round to the front door? Master wants you; there's two of your men —

*Deb.* Very good. (*To Phelim.*) I'll talk to you on my return. (*Exit, door in flat.*)

*Phe.* I'd be better plased sir, if ye'd do all the talkin' while ye're away, and be silent when ye come back. (*To Mary.*) Well, darlint, ye forgot the ateables entirely.

*Mary.* No, sir, I didn't, but master told me not to bring them in.

*Phe.* But didn't *I* tell ye to bring them? sure I'd soon put them out of the master's way.

*Mary.* But the gardener wants his clothes. He's coming in here to speak to the master.

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) Coming in here without his clothes! that's not dacint, anyhow. Tell the gardener, me darlint, that after I've had me dinner, I'll mate him behind the pigsty, and talk it over. But how about the ateables, eh?

*Mary.* (*Aside.*) Poor fellow, he's quite hungry. (*ALOUD.*) Would you mind coming into the kitchen?

*Phe.* Will I mind coming into Paradise? Come along. Sure I'll just take the table-cloth to put round me in case of meetin' your friend, the gardener. (*Going.*) After you, darlint, by dacint breedin'. Give us a kiss, be way of dessert, darlint, afore me dinner—just to make the vittles proud o' goin' the same way. (*Kiss.*) I'll git a taste of the dinner at last. (*Exit Phelim and Mary L.* *Enter Pootles, in a rage, followed by Laura L.*)

*Poo.* Not another word, the villain shall leave the house instantly.

*Laura.* He may be simply an eccentric man after all?

*Poo.* Goodness gracious! great gooseberry! he needn't lie, if he *is* eccentric.

*Laura.* See him, and speak to him quietly.

*Poo.* Quietly be hanged! Didn't he hustle me out of the room, and give me enough pain to last me a twelve-month? And now he calls himself your uncle! (*Enter Captain Debit, hurriedly, back.*)

*Debit.* Where is he? (*Snatches up paper—reads.*) About five feet high, short hair, red nose—I mean, short nose, red hair; it agrees precisely.

*Laura.* What?

*Deb.* The description of that house-breaker, O'Flannagan, with this pseudo major.

*Poo.* Goodness, gracious! great gooseberry! I dare say he's up stairs at my cash-box now.

*Laura.* Or my dressing-case.

*Deb.* (*To Laura.*) Should I rid you of this man, *Laura*, will you think of me more favorably? (*Laura offers hand—Debit kisses it.*) I will immediately issue orders to have the house surrounded. (*Aside.*) I have laid a nice trap for this Major. (*Rings bell. Phelim rushes in from L, knocks against Captain Debit, and bolts behind screen and looks at them over the top.*)

*Phe.* There ye all are, then? Sure ye're ringing for Mary. Well, as I've completely done with Mary and the ateables, she's at your service. I mit the gardner, an' I trated him to the kindest and gentlest tap on the head with me stick possible. Mary's a touchin' specimen of the prodigal sou; sure she was just goin' to waste the most ilegant dhrop of spirits in the warl'd on a puddin, when, says I, "Me jewel, don't put it in the puddin', put it into me, it'll inflame the puddin,' and do it no good at all, at all!"

*Deb.* (*Rushing at him with paper, L. C.*) Do you see that?

*Poo.* Stop a minute. What are you doing with my table cover?

*Phe.* Yere table cover, is it, sir? Well, I've got the greatest pain in the world in the small of my back.

*Poo.* (*R. C.*) Pooh, pooh, sir!

*Phe.* Pooh, pooh, is it? Ye've got the drafts laid on all over the house like the water, sir! Oh!

*Deb.* (*L. C.*) Shallow artifice. Do you see that?

*Phe.* How can I see anything?

*Deb.* Red hair and short nose, sir.

*Phe.* How dare ye insult your shuperior officer!

*Deb.* Bosh! I arrest you, Patrick O'Flannagan, for house-breaking with violence.

*Phe.* (*Surprised.*) Patrick O'Flannagan. (*Aside.*) I'll be getting mixed up here--stop a minute. (*Counting on his fingers.*) Phelim O'Rourke, Major O'Hogan, Patrick O'Flannagan. Phelim O'Rourke's not himself at all. Patrick O'Flannagan is a thafe! Sure, I'll stick to the Major; he's the most respectable blaguard of the lot.

*Poo.* Now, sir, how dare you come here representing yourself as Major O'Hogan, and how dare you say that you are that young lady's uncle?

*Phe.* Sure ye wouldn't have me go to tell a lie! Anyhow, I am the young lady's uncle. Are ye a man. (*To Pootles.*)

*Poo.* I believe I am.

*Phe.* And am I not a man?

*Poo.* I don't know—I suppose you are.

*Phe.* And aren't all men brothers? Very well, then, of course I'm the young lady's uncle.

*Laura.* That's one way out of it. (*Enter Mary with a letter L.*)

*Mary.* A letter for you, sir. (*Gives Debit letter.*) And please, sir (*To Pootles*) Major O'Hogan's arrived.

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I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL.

*Phe.* (*Aside.*) Philliloo, here's the devil's own game. What will I do now?

*Deb.* So, sir, you're not O'Flannagan—he's caught! I see the Major has come—(*Aside*) forgive the girl for lying. (*ALOUD.*) Come, sir, the game's up.

*Phe.* (*Crossing.*) The game's up is it? Well, anyhow I've won.

*All.* Won!

*Phe.* Phelim O'Rourke, sir, was so entirely disgusted wid his bad luck, he laid himself a wager that if he wasn't himself at all he'd get a dinner and a situation, for that's what he's wanting? I've got the dinner?

*Deb.* (*Aside.*) 'Pon my life I like the fellow. (*ALOUD.*) And now you want the situation. Where shall you get that?

*Phe.* (*Putting his arm around Mary.*) This is the situation to suit me.

*Laura.* From what I understand, the gardener would not give you a very good character.

*Phe.* Tell the gardener I've got all the character I want out of his clothes. (*Aside to Mary.*) And Mary, darlint, has the Major really come?

*Mary.* No, only the Captain told me to say so.

*Phe.* Then it is all right, darlint, and I've now only to ask your forgiveness (*To audience*) for the little story I've told you in saying, "I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL."

DEBIT.      LAURA.      PHELIM.      MARY.      POOTLES.

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L.

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